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envious of things which had no real existence. For this class of travellers, a Swiss hostelry, an English inn, an American farm-house has a more brilliant appearance, and is liked a great deal better; it is more in harmony with their thoughts and feelings, more consonant to their predilections, being decidedly more comfortable.

These old palaces belong to the past. They are not things to be swept and garnished, and made modern. In their solemnity and silence they are the monuments of the ancient glory of the city, of the art of those who reared their stately piles, of the grandeur of those who dwelt within their walls. Attempts have here and there been made to adapt the antique splendour of the mansions to the usages of modern opulence, and huge has been the failure of the result. Patched, and painted, and "done-up," the grandeur departs for ever, the spell is broken, the charm is gone. Suppose a hardy speculator of that genus, with which our age abounds, should promise to restore the Ca' Dora, the palaces of the Foscari, Contarini, Pisani, Grimani, Manin, Sagredo, Vendramin, and others less illustrious; imagine all these monuments of the old time modified and altered, and re-arranged according to modern notions and the conventionalities of life in the nineteenth century—what would be the result:—"a thing of shreds and patches," a hybrid, neither ancient nor modern, as incongruous and out of place as harlequin's hat on the head of Augustus.

Venice derives no interest from classic association. It has

an antiquity of its own. Of all modern things it is the oldest—of ancient things the youngest born. He who boasted that the grass grew not where his horse had trod, chased the Venetian people into glory and renown. Driven before Alaric to take shelter in the small islands of the Venetian Gulf, they,

"Like the water fowl,

Built their nests among the ocean wave,"

They had to struggle hard, for many difficulties surrounded them; their commerce was opposed by pirates, but they grew with their danger, and Venice bid defiance, not only to the pirate, but also to the mighty son of the mightier Charlemagne. When the hermit from the East preached the crusade, it augmented the wealth, the commerce, and the possessions of Venice, and the maritime importance of the city was felt and recognised. Venice in the fifteenth century was the richest and most magnificent city of Europe; the nobles of the city surpassed the state of the greatest monarch beyond the Alps; and their palaces of Pisani, Ca' Dora, and the rest, are the mementoes of that period. How the city fell at last beneath the power of Napoleon, it is unnecessary here to relate. She

"In an ark

Had floated down, amidst a thousand wrecks
Uninjured, from the Old World to the New."

There are two principal portions of the city, each one made up of several small islands, and each entirely cut off from the other except at the Bialto.

VARIOUS TRIBES OF THE HUMAN RACE.

WE herewith take occasion to present the reader with a few pictorial representations of men;—men not celebrated as individuals for any peculiar virtue or startling vice, but whose claim to our editorial attention, and to the reader's best consideration, is founded on the truthful representation of the races to which they belong.

Need we stop to indicate the races or nations to which the six interesting individuals represented in our first illustration (p. 224) appertain? Perhaps it is scarcely necessary; yet, for fear of accidents, we will do so, beginning with the most important (looking) personage in the united happy family. There he is in the centre of our picture; standing proudly erect, as a celestial should, looking with great complacency on his own figure—but scornful to deign a glance at those around him. A very fitting exposition of the idea John Chinaman entertains of himself is given by our picture. He is a man one would object to buy at his own price; and his long flag-ornamented spear looks sufficiently formidable. Nevertheless, John Chinaman is no great soldier—nay, if the truth be told, he is somewhat of a coward; had he read our own "Hudibras" he could not have entertained notions more discreet about "running away, that he may fight another day." Placed in the centre of our group, amidst so many warlike neighbours, the brother of the moon must be ill at his case. Immediately on the right (*his* right we mean, not the reader's) is his warlike neighbour, the Japanese, whom we might recognise anywhere by his open vest and petticoats, of which latter we may say more on a future occasion.

Nothing offends a Japanese so much as a comparison between him and the Chinese. "The only time," says Dr. Ainslie, "I ever saw a Japanese forget his usual politeness was on an occasion of this kind. Inadvertently I happened to draw a comparison between him and a Chinese, when he knit his brows, looked sternly at me, and laid his hand upon his sword." Nor is this superiority assumed without justice. The Japanese have ever known how to protect their hearths and homes against all invaders. The last serious attempt on their liberties was made by the grandson of Genghis Khan, who, after a strenuous effort, was utterly defeated.

Squatting at the feet of the Japanese, we have the muck-running Malay. On the extreme left of the picture we have another spear-bearing gentleman, who is an Arab, and behind him a rather spruce-looking Oriental, in high cap and shawl-

pattern dressing-gown. This latter individual is the greatest rogue of the party, and having stated thus much, we need scarcely say he is a Persian. Like the other individuals of our group, the Persian is not a certain individual Persian—he is any Persian you like, kind reader—but being the only Persian in our wood-cut, he is the greatest rogue there.

Of the Persians, we shall merely inform the reader that they are a mixed race; that their native country is known to them by the name of Iran; that they are cruel, treacherous, false, possessing a fine language, and tolerably poetical literature; but their historical records are so completely lost, that all knowledge of their former struggles with classic Greece has vanished. The earliest and most authentic account of the manners and customs of the Persians is to be found in Herodotus.*

We must now bid adieu to the native of Japan, and devote a few words to his pictorial—nay, almost his geographical neighbour, the Malay. It is rather a curious circumstance that naturalists are at a loss to account for, or classify, the Malay. If we are to believe in the historical records of that people, the Malays originally came from the district of Palembang, in the interior of Sumatra, and distributed themselves, about the end of the twelfth century, over various littoral regions of neighbouring lands. Connected with this history, it may be mentioned as not a little singular that the centre of Sumatra has a Malay population to this day, and is the only inland spot thus circumstanced. The Malays have always been bold, resolute mariners, and in all their wanderings have never penetrated far inland. They are an impetuous, daring race, prone to anger, sullen and implacable. Their revenge knows no bounds, their dissimulation is equal to their revenge. A Malay, once offended, is implacable. He may appear to forgive, but only awaits a favourable occasion. So soon as this occasion presents itself, he maddens his intellects by a dose of opium, and breaking loose, with creese or crooked dagger in hand, stabs all who oppose his progress—calling out all the time, "*amol, amol,*" which means, "kill, kill." In every mental characteristic, the Malay is the very antipodes of the Hindoo. Until 1276, the Malays were pagans, or adopted some form of Hindoo

* For a translation of this part of Herodotus, see the HISTORICAL EDUCATOR, Vol. I., pp. 151—7.

idolatry; they then adopted the tenets of Islam, which is at present the universal faith.

We have little to say about the Chinese beyond what the reader knows of him already. China, indeed, has ceased for some time to be that *terra incognita* it was formerly represented. Various travellers have within the last ten years penetrated into the celestial regions, and made notes of what they saw. Amongst all these recent books of Chinese travels, that of Mr. Fortune, the horticulturist, is one of the most instructive and interesting. We have spoken of the cowardice of the Chinese, a quality which is amusingly illustrated by Mr. Fortune, who very amusingly relates how—though ill of fever at the time—he succeeded in beating off two Chinese pirate ships with a double-barrelled fowling-piece. The movement now going on in China will probably work a mighty change in the destiny of this populous empire.

Last of all comes the noble Arab, remarkable as being of the race whence sprung the soldier prophet Mohammed. The Arab is amongst the finest specimens of Caucasian man, and the wonderful success of the race under the first Caliphs is unprecedented. To the Saracen Arabs of Spain we are indebted for the introduction of algebra to Europe, for the method of measuring angles by sines instead of the chords of arcs, for the introduction of sugar, and of a fine description of pottery,* with numerous arts and sciences which would occupy whole pages in the mere enumeration. We have neither time nor space for this, but must take leave of our interesting group.

Amongst all the figures represented in our second woodcut (p. 225), that on the extreme left of the picture claims pre-eminence. Not only on account of actual changes now taking place, and the Eastern political movement, is the Turk interesting to us, but for many other reasons. Viewed without prejudice, he is a very noble fellow, mentally and corporeally. His physiognomy is scarcely inferior in beauty to the Hellenic type, from which, however, it differs in many essential respects. Nevertheless, according to many naturalists, the Turk is not originally sprung from a Caucasian race; and even Cuvier, who concedes to him this privileged honour, ranges the Turks' forefathers amongst the very ugliest of that race, the Scythian and Tartar branch. Why, then, it may be inquired, are the modern Turks so handsome as a general rule? The only reason that can or need be assigned, is the intermarriage of their ancestors with a race more favoured by nature than their own. This cause having been in operation for centuries, has no doubt mainly contributed to the improvement of which we speak, and the result is, that the modern Ottoman now possesses more than half the characteristics of the Caucasian race. A still more striking instance of the gradual change in the aspect of a race by intermarriage is recognisable in the isolated valley of Cashmere. The beauty of the inhabitants of this valley is also celebrated. The natives are now very fair, although originally of Hindoo stock. This fair complexion, and, in short, all the difference between a Hindoo of the valleys and a Cashmerian, is attributable to intermarriage with Circassian girls.

The original seat of the Turkish race is the Altai mountains, situated in the very centre of Asia. The race of that people was servile, being amongst the most despised of the slaves of the Khan of the Geougen. Their appointed task was the extraction of metals from their ores and the manufacture of arms—a dangerous profession for slaves to be taught. At length a leader arose amongst the Turks; his name was Bertezena. He led them against the neighbouring tribes and to victory. Having signalled his prowess by feats of arms, Bertezena presumed to ask in marriage the daughter of the Khan, when the father contemptuously rejected him. The Turkish leader thereupon forthwith allied himself with a princess of China, and having almost extirpated the tribes of the Khan of Geougen in battle, established in its place the more powerful empire of the Turks. From this time the conquests of the Turks were rapid and

extensive. Pressing on westward, they at length were brought into collision with the Eastern empire of Byzantium, already tottering to its fall. At length, in 1453, the Eastern empire fell, that of the Ottoman taking its place. The event, it will be seen, happened exactly 400 years ago, and the Russians having been long accustomed to predict the downfall of Turkish domination at the expiration of 400 years, a peculiar significance was imparted to the year 1853.

The Turks, from being originally idolaters, espoused, at a very early period of their career, the tenets of Islam, as the head of the orthodox or Sunnite division, of which they are universally recognised. Persia, as most likely the reader is aware, belongs to the opposed or Shüite sect of Mohammedans; and for this reason the feeling between Persian and Turk is none of the most friendly. Certain modern journalists affect to marvel at the circumstance that Persia should appear to have thought of taking the field against her co-religionist, forgetting that, in proportion as the distinction between sects is more slight, so frequently, if not invariably, is the mutual antagonism more intense. In addition to mere doctrinal points of difference, the Turk and the Persian are so essentially different in their whole moral constitution, that very little community of feeling could be expected to exist between them. Veracity is no less a characteristic of the Osmanli than falsehood of the Persian. The Turk's plighted word is never broken—that of the Persian is seldom kept. The Turk is thoughtful, impassive, sedate: the Persian is noisy and vivacious. To sum up all, the Turk is a thorough gentleman from toe to turban, and the Persian every inch of him a scamp.

Standing next to the Turk in our illustration is an individual with cloak hanging on one shoulder and peculiar brimless hat. This individual is a Magyar or Hungarian. True to his principles of faithful delineation, our artist has represented the Magyar with the peculiar nose, so characteristic of his race, that it has passed into the proverbial terms of *Hungarian nose*. The peculiarity consists in a sort of aquiline stumpiness not altogether agreeable, especially in the fair sex. The present Magyar or Hungarian race of men has sadly puzzled the ethnologist. What region they came from, or who they were, no person seems to know. Cuvier ranges them under the Scythian or Tartar group of Caucasians, along with Turks, Fins, and Parthians; but this is by no means certain. The Magyars themselves are fond of tracing their origin to the Huns, and are so proud of Attila, their assumed progenitor, that the picture of that arch destroyer is to be seen in the house of almost every Hungarian. Nevertheless, there seems to be no just reason for crediting this parentage. The Magyar language is also involved in great mystery as to its origin and congeners, but no difference of sentiment exists as to its powers or expressiveness. Anterior to the year 1828, all Hungarian legal documents were drawn up in Latin, which also was the language of polite conversation amongst the better classes. Since that period the Magyar or Hungarian language has been introduced into courts of law, and has been cultivated by all classes as the literary exponent of the nation. This sudden development of the native language, under the auspices of Kissfaldy and other Hungarian poets, was but one of many indications betokening reviving nationality. Hungary, although absorbed, so to speak, in the fabric of the vast Austrian empire, had still a government—a constitutional government of her own, the enactments of which were ever clashing with those of the imperial power. The results of this clashing between adverse interests we have already seen in the political commotions of 1848-9. Recently, Hungary has been completely absorbed (at least by decree) into the Austrian empire.

In appearance, the Magyar is still half oriental; in temperament, he offers certain points of comparison with ourselves, being a sort of impetuous, military Anglo-Saxon, fond of constitutional government, prone to litigation, and preferring the rough enjoyment of independence to any reliance on the favours of a government; in which latter respect he presents salient points of contrast to his neighbour the German, who,

* The "Majolica ware."

with all his intellectual pre-eminence, is never happy except he fills some office under a government and enjoys a high-sounding name. Reverting to the subject of the Magyar language, its

commented upon, as the reader will, perhaps, remember, by Miss Pardoe, in her book, entitled "The City of the Magyar." Brave Magyar, we must bid you now farewell, and direct our



MALAY, JAPANESE, CHINESE, PERSIANS, ARAB.

most striking phonetic quality is the preponderance of the letter K. This quality has been remarked by all strangers who have heard it spoken, and has been rather amusingly

attention to your interesting right-hand neighbour, that pretty Greek girl. As we point to the natives of Georgia and Circassia for our beau ideal of corporeal beauty; so, when the

extreme of intellectual expression is to be portrayed, do we eign or figure to ourselves the classic models of Greece.

And who were and are those Greeks?—that people who

questions, which we, in few words, will strive to answer. The most ancient histories and traditions of classic Greece testify to the mixture of races, out of which the Greeks of antiquity



LAPLANDER, TYROLESE, COSSACK, GREEK GIRL, HUNGARIAN, TURK.

furnished models for the immortal chisel of Phidias and Praxiteles? Whence came they? Were they the prototype of the Greeks of the present day? All these are interesting

were consolidated. Throughout the Greeian continent and archipelago structures are still to be seen, termed "Cyclopean," very different to the beautiful temples hereafter destined to

this beauty still remains to the present day. The Greek countenance presents a beautiful contour of skull and face, dark flowing hair, white skin, slightly tinged with olive or brown; large eyes, straight nose, falling directly, with only a slight depression between the eyes. Nevertheless, though slight, there is a depression; and in this respect the Grecian differs from the Turkish countenance, which, instead of a depression between nose and forehead, is marked in that spot with a slight elevation. There is something strange in the contemplation of that persistency of form, features, and language, which characterises Greece and its inhabitants. Notwithstanding a certain deterioration of aspect, traceable to the effect of conquest and prolonged slavery, the modern Greeks are still very handsome, and the style of their beauty is as of old—a proposition rendered sufficiently evident by a comparison of living specimens with antique statues. As to the modern Greek language, now called the Romaic, it is not more different from classic Greek than modern English is different from the language of Chaucer. In deference to a certain modern tendency, the nature of which it would be impossible to explain, all the multifarious inflexions of ancient Greek have vanished from the Romaic, and tenses are formed by the help of auxiliaries, instead of by varying terminations; nevertheless, the two languages must be pronounced the same; indeed, the modern literati of Greece affect to write in the classic language, which still being generally taught in the native schools, the process of regeneration proceeds. Such, then, is the persistency of the Greek language: where is the Latin gone? Made of sterner stuff, apparently, than the Greek, it is now everywhere a dead language.

Returning to our little Greek damsel, it is a subject of regret with us that the Hungarian on the one side, and the Tyrolese on the other, do not permit her to come further towards us. Were she more visible, her garb would be seen to be highly picturesque. Every rose, however, the proverb says, has a thorn; and if our little Greek were nearer, we might perhaps discover her to possess larger feet than accord with our notions of feminine beauty. If the truth must be told, Greek ladies have not, and never appear to have had, little feet; nor is a high forehead one of their characteristics. The quality, however, of high forehead in ladies was not approved of by classic nations, and we happen to be acquainted with some moderns who participate in the sentiment. In point of fact, a high forehead is thought to correspond with strong-mindedness, and some people are so perverse that they cannot like "strong-minded women."

Whatever may be our regrets at the retiring shyness of the fair Greek, we tender our best thanks to the Cossack gentleman with long lance for keeping himself in the background. Truly his race is no favourite of ours, neither in appearance nor in manners. Who has not heard of the Cossack? Who has not read of the harassing style of his military attacks—ever hanging on the rear of a discomfited enemy, murdering the wounded, and relentlessly picking off stragglers? Who has not been taught to regard this irregular cavalry as an integral and very important portion of the Russian army? Yet the Cossacks have not always owned allegiance to that mighty power. Originally they sprang from the greatest enemies of Russia, the Tartars, and subsequently they did good duty against Russia under the Poles. The Cossacks are only a small tribe, scarcely numbering 500,000 in all; nevertheless, every adult male being a soldier, their military force is great, an army of 100,000 at least being ever at the disposal of Russia. The origin of the Cossacks as a consolidated body is modern. They appear to have arisen out of some Tartar tribes, who intermarried with native Russians, gipsies, and Kalmucs; and the name Cossack seems to be derived from the Tartar word *Kasack*, or *Kasak*, meaning "light horseman." For a long time the race was known by the appellation Tsherkassi or Circassians, and even now their chief town is called Tsherkask. Nevertheless, they have little enough of Circassian beauty; their form and countenance, and general aspect, being far more indicative of the Mongol. This people was not known by the appellation Cossack until about the

spring up in that land of genius. The Cyclopean structures possess somewhat the characteristics of our own Druidical monuments, being composed of enormous stones rudely aggregated without mortar. By whom—by what race were these structures raised? That is a mystery: but whatever the race, it existed in Greece anterior to the Pelagic, of which the Celtic and the Latin were also branches. We all know that the Romans traced their origin to the heroes of Troy; so, in like manner, do the Celts also; but more indirectly did the Greeks; for call them Trojans, Pelasgians, Thracians, Phrygians, or any other equivalent name, Greece was colonised, subsequently to the Cyclopean period, by a people which gradually became absorbed into two dominant families—the Achaic and Hellenic.

From whatever elements compounded, no race on the face of the earth ever presented such an union between physical and intellectual beauty as the classic Greeks, and much of year 1516, when, for the first time, they made themselves rather conspicuous in Polish affairs. Their first alliance with Russia was self-sought, and did not take place until the year 1654, at which time their effective military force consisted of about 40,000 men. From this period they remained faithful to Russia until 1708, when, under their hetman, or leader, Bulavine, they went over in a body to the Swedish monarch, Charles XII. This independence of character was necessarily prejudicial to Russia. The existence of a powerful armed body, owning no immediate allegiance to the Muscovite rule, was discovered to be so fatal to the interests of the latter, as to necessitate the disorganisation of the Cossacks as a military body. Accordingly this was effected by Peter the Great, who, however, shortly remodelled them on a new basis. Not pleased with the consequences of this new measure, the Cossacks threw up their semi-allegiance to the Czar, and committed themselves to the protection of the Khan of Crimea Tartars. Difficult to please, the Cossacks soon became disgusted with their new masters, and sued pardon of Russia—a pardon which was granted them by the Empress Anne. Ever since the latter event, the Cossacks have remained faithful to Russia, with which empire they are now so incorporated by social and religious ties, that they may be considered Russians in all respects.

A far better specimen of humanity is the Cossack's pictorial neighbour, the Tyrolese, one of a small but noble-minded race. The Tyrol, as it is now called, forms part of the ancient Rætia, and is not quite double the size of Yorkshire. It is a very mountainous country—considerably more mountainous than Switzerland, although its mountains are not generally so high. At least three-fourths of Switzerland is sufficiently level to admit of plough cultivation, but scarcely one-tenth of the Tyrol is similarly situated, every portion of the little territory being a succession of mountain peaks, except a few narrow belts scarcely half a mile wide, on the average, which form the river banks. Unlike the Swiss, who are staunch republicans, the Tyrolese entertain a fervent love of imperial rule. They became incorporated with the Austrian empire during the twelfth century, and ever since that period have been sincerely attached to the Hapsburg dynasty. In 1805, Tyrol was ceded to Bavaria—an arrangement which so little pleased the mountaineers, that four years later, on the breaking out of war with France, the inhabitants rose at the instigation of Andreas Hofer, the Tell of the Tyrol, as he is sometimes called. Hofer's fate is too well known. Fruitless though this insurrection was, in its immediate consequences, politicians were taught that nothing but Austrian rule would ever satisfy the Tyrolese; accordingly, on the final adjustment of territory, in the year 1814, Tyrol was restored to the House of Hapsburg.

The little fellow standing on the extreme left of our woodcut, is a Laplander, whose stunted form, the effect of cold, has been faithfully represented by the artist. The denizen of an inhospitable climate, and far removed from the noisy turmoil of European politics, the Laplander engrosses but small attention. All that we can find time to say of him is, that although a denizen of Europe, he is not a Caucasian. The generality of naturalists consider him of the Mongolian stock.